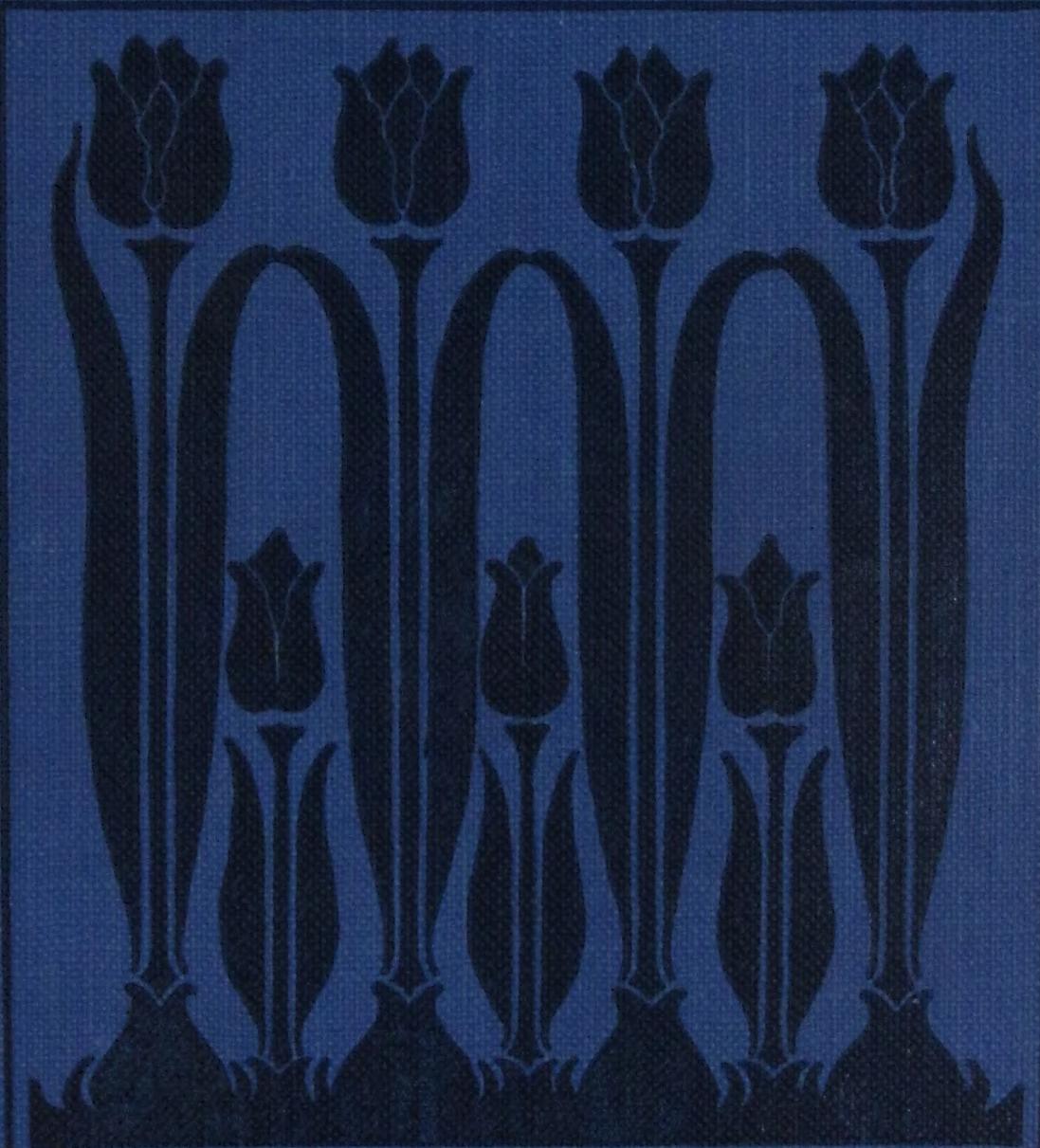


Instructor Literature Series—No. 114C

Great European Cities

PART I

London and Paris



F. C. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

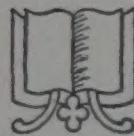
INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

Great European Cities

London and Paris

BY

Bertha E. Bush



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DANSVILLE, N. Y.

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Westminster Abbey, London

Great European Cities

LONDON

“London, London,” sang Ruth as she jumped out of her narrow bed one perfect July morning; “we are really in London. I feel as if I were dreaming.”

“You are not dreaming,” said Ruth’s mother, “and you will have to hurry and dress for we can stay in London only a little while and there is much to see.”

So Ruth whisked herself into her pretty navy blue traveling dress and hurried to the “lift” and from it into the dining room bright with morning sunshine.

“Where is the London fog?” she asked as she broke open a roll and helped herself to orange marmalade.

“There is not always a fog in London though you might think so from reading English stories,” answered her father. “The fogs are more apt to come in the winter months.”

“This is a beautiful day,” said Ruth’s mother and Raymond added, “A jolly day.” But Ruth was tasting her buttered roll and a curious expression came over her face.

“Why, this butter isn’t salted,” she said.

“English butter is never salted. They like it best this way,” said her father.

But Ruth did not like it much and turned instead to the marmalade which looked very inviting. But another disappointment awaited her.

“The marmalade is bitter,” she said.

“Yes, they put orange peel in it on purpose to give it a bitter taste,” said her mother. “They like it better so. You will learn to like it by and by.”

Ruth managed to eat a good breakfast in spite of all and as soon as it was over she started out with her father and mother and Raymond to view the sights of the largest city in the world.

"How shall we go?" she asked.

"On an omnibus," answered her father. "There is one now."

"Where?" asked Ruth looking for something like the familiar long yellow vehicle that waited at the trains at her village home.

"There," said her father, but Ruth had to look up to see it. The great two-story structure seemed to her as high as a house. It towered far above the horses' heads although they were very large, powerful horses. A queer little narrow stair that seemed very tiny and frail wound up from the lower story to the upper.

"Oh, I'm afraid to go up there," gasped Ruth.

"It's entirely safe," said her father. "Everybody rides on top in pleasant weather."

Raymond had already scrambled up. He thought it great fun and though it did seem every minute as though the heavy vehicle would topple over into the street, that only made it more pleasant to the boy. But Ruth shivered and shut her eyes. It was not for several minutes that she gained courage to look around her. Then they were riding past a great dark one story building without a single window in sight.

"What is that, father?" asked Ruth.

"That is the Bank of England. They call it the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," answered her father. "That's the place where they make fifty thousand new bank notes every day."

"How do they ever do it in a building without any windows?" asked Ruth.

"It is built around a court and there are windows inside. It was not thought safe to put windows into the outer walls. At night it is protected by a guard of soldiers beside the superintendents and warders. They are not careless in England."

Pretty soon her father spoke again after a peep into the red-covered guide-book.

"See, Raymond. We are riding through Cheapside. I remember that you used to have something about Cheapside in your Fifth Reader."

Raymond wrinkled up his brows in thought.

"I know," said Ruth. "It was down Cheapside that John Gilpin rode with the stones rattling under his horse's hoofs."

"Yes," said her father, "and there is Bow Church where the Bow-bells of London hang. Don't you remember how they said to Whittington,—

"Turn again, Dick Whittington;
You shall be Lord Mayor of London."

"Every one born within sound of the Bow-bells of London is a cockney."

"What is a cockney?" asked Ruth.

"A cockney is just a Londoner. It is used now largely as a term of ridicule but it did not mean ridicule in the first place. The name came from a word meaning cakes. The awe-struck country lads used to think that London was so fine a place that probably the very houses were covered with cakes, and so the Londoners were called cockneys. But look! That is what we came to see this morning."

There was no need for Ruth and Raymond to ask what it was. It looked just like the picture in the well thumbed old geography gathering dust in the attic at home. It was St. Paul's Cathedral.

There was the great dome in the center and the two towers at the front. There was the grand entrance with its long flight of steps and rows of double columns, twelve below and eight above.



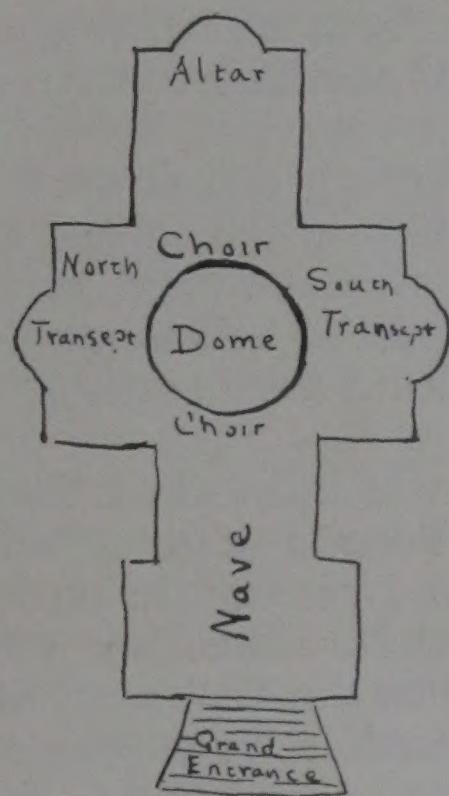
St. Paul's Cathedral, London

"It is the third largest church in the world," said mother who had studied the guide-book well. "The only larger ones are St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral at Milan."

"It does not look so large," said Raymond. "There are too many houses around it to let us see how large it is. But, mother, I thought I had read somewhere that it was built in the form of a cross."

"So it is," said his mother, "but it is hard to perceive it because the building is so large and so hemmed in. See, it is like this."

She took out her pencil and note-book. She thought the children would enjoy the cathedrals they were to see better if they thoroughly understood the plan on which they were built. She drew a rude cross. "See, this is the way they built them," she said.



The Plan of St. Paul's That Ruth's Mother Made

"The main entrance is always at the west end and the altar at the east end because they believe that when Christ shall appear at his second coming he will come in the east. This longest part of the cross, its base, is called the nave. The two cross arms are the transepts. The part where the arms cross is called the choir, and the head of the cross is the chancel. The old builders had a meaning in this way of building. In those days only a few of the worshippers could read. Much had to be taught them

by symbols. The two transepts were meant to remind them of the outstretched arms of Christ. The altar was placed where the thorn-crowned head had rested on the cross. Then they wanted to remind the people of the Holy Mother waiting beside to receive the head of her dead son in her lap and so beyond this they built a farther chapel which they called the Chapel of our Lady, or more shortly, the Lady Chapel."

They walked softly up and down the long nave and the transepts, hushed by the solemn awe of the place. It seemed dim and still and very, very sacred in spite of the brightness and the noise outside.

"Mother," said Ruth very softly, "how old is this church?"

"This cathedral was built about four hundred years ago, but there has been a church on this spot for almost two thousand years. In 1666 there was what was called the Great Fire that burned almost all of London. In this fire the Cathedral of St. Paul's was burned. Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt it and made it more beautiful than ever before. See, there is the motto he put over the door."

They were gazing up at the north portico. Over the entrance was sculptured a phoenix,—that bird that is fabled to rise young and strong out of the ashes when fire has consumed its body,—and the word "Resurgam."

"What does it mean?" asked Ruth.

"It is the Latin for 'I shall arise,'" said her mother. "It is a motto they used to put on gravestones. The story is that when they were marking out the dimensions of the new cathedral, a laborer was told to bring a stone to mark the place where the great dome should begin. He brought the first stone he hap-

pened to pick up. It was a piece of a broken grave-stone, and all that was left of the inscription was the word *Resurgam*. 'It is a good omen,' said the builders, and they put the motto over the entrance of their resurrected cathedral.'

All the morning they wandered about the cathedral. They went down into the darkness of the crypt and stood by Nelson's black marble sarcophagus, and the Duke of Wellington's hearse cast from the guns captured in his victories. They stood in the Whispering Gallery and heard distinctly words whispered one hundred and eight feet away which could not be heard at all by any one standing between. They climbed to the gallery about the dome and saw a wonderful view of the city; and to the ball that surrounds the dome, which, though it looks so tiny in comparison with the rest of the structure, will hold from ten to a dozen people.

In the afternoon they rode about London in the great top-heavy omnibuses, whose roofs were such delightful places. They went through Fleet Street, the Strand, Regent Street, Piccadilly and Edgeware Road. They traversed more thoroughfares than Ruth and Raymond could remember, and saw so many memorable places that the children's brains were in a whirl. But one thing they will always remember. It was their return through Trafalgar Square in the witchery of the night. The tall street lights brought into prominence the objects which their rays touched and left all else in mysterious dimness. High up over them, so high that it seemed to stand among the stars, was the statue of Nelson. At its base crouched Landseer's great lions, their heads just on a level with the children's as they rode past, and seeming to be certainly alive.

The next day they went to Westminster Abbey. St. Paul's they had found full of statues and memorials of statesmen. Westminster Abbey is filled with the tombs and memorials of kings. Every king of England since William the Conqueror has been crowned there. The children were very much interested to see the old coronation chair. Built into its seat and fastened there with iron clamps is the Stone of Scone, the most sacred stone in all Great Britain. They say it is the very stone upon which Jacob rested his head at Bethel when he dreamed of the angels going up and down the ladder that reached to heaven. Jacob's sons, they say, carried it down into Egypt. From there it was taken to Spain and then into Ireland. The Irish kings sat upon it to be crowned. If the claimant was the rightful king, the stone groaned aloud and they knew that all was well; but if a pretender sat upon it, it kept an ominous silence. Three hundred and thirty years before the birth of Christ, it was brought into Scotland, and a Latin rhyme cut into it that proclaimed that whatever country contained the stone hereafter should be ruled by a Scot. Edward I invaded Scotland and carried off the stone to England; and the prophecy seemed to be fulfilled when James VI of Scotland became James I of England.

The children were much pleased to discover for themselves that Westminster Abbey is built in the form of a cross just as St. Paul's is. There was the long nave, the two transepts and the choir and back of this, the Lady Chapel which had been transformed into the Chapel of Henry VII by that king who stipulated that masses should be said there for his soul "forever, while the world shall endure." The South Transept is the Poet's Corner. Ruth and Raymond,

walking there, found the bust of Longfellow, the graves of Dickens, Thackeray, and Milton, and the tomb of Chaucer, with Tennyson and Browning lying close beside it.

"It makes me feel just as if I were studying a lesson in that old brown English and American Literature of ours," said Raymond.

They walked through chapel after chapel and saw graves by the hundred, of kings and queens, princes and princesses and nobles. Many of the old tombs had the effigies of those who lay within carved in stone, life-size, lying upon them. Very stiff and quaint these rigid figures looked in their queer costumes, but they seemed life-like too. Tears came to Ruth's eyes when she caught sight of the tiny figure of the Princess Sophia who died when she was three days old, lying in her stone cradle. Raymond lingered longest at the tomb of Edward VI the boy king, the hope of all England, who died at sixteen and at whose funeral was "the greatest moan as ever was heard or seen."

They exclaimed to see the tomb of the great Elizabeth close beside that of the rival she had executed, Mary Queen of Scots.

"When they rise at the last day, they will rise close together," said Raymond. "I wonder what they will say to each other."

"I think they will have forgotten all about how they feared and hated each other and only remember that they were cousins," said Ruth.

Then they saw the graves of men greater than kings, Livingstone and Gladstone and Wilberforce and Sir Isaac Newton and many others. Raymond felt as if he had suddenly opened a page of American history when he came upon the grave of Major John

Andre. The most delightful thing about Westminster to the children's mother was the music of the fresh-faced boy choir in their black surplices, echoing through the arches.

"Tomorrow," said their father as they went out, "tomorrow we shall go to the Tower."

"What do you think it will be like?" asked Ruth of Raymond.

"I think it will be a great round white tower beside the water's edge," answered Raymond readily enough.



Tower of London

But their astonishment was great on the following day, to discover that what was called the Tower of London was not one tower at all but at least thirteen separate ones with other buildings too many to count

readily, and all surrounded by a double wall. There was no access to the river at all except as they went through gates and over bridges.

"Are there people who stay here nights?" said Ruth looking around.

"Fourteen hundred people live inside the walls," answered the guide.

"Why that is as many as are in our whole town at home," said Ruth in astonishment.

In the very center of the great inclosure was the old White Tower; not round as Raymond had imagined it, but nearly square. Around it was a row of towers, then a second row of buildings like an enclosing wall, then a moat that could still be flooded if occasion required, and then the strong outer wall.

"It would be impossible to break in here," said Raymond. "I can well believe that this is the strongest fortification in Europe."

"How old is it, father?" asked Ruth.

"William the Conqueror built it, and he was crowned on Christmas Day, 1066, so it must have been nearly a thousand years ago. The White Tower was built first and the others added from time to time. It has been used as a fort, a royal residence, a prison, and now it is a government arsenal. Here hundreds of famous prisoners of state were kept. Raleigh was imprisoned here and wrote his *History of the World*. Here Lady Jane Grey was executed at nineteen because her friends wanted to make her queen. Here the two little princes, the sons of Edward IV, were murdered by their usurping uncle. Don't you remember the picture of the Princes in the Tower by Millais?"

They entered the ticket office as he spoke and everything that resembled a bag was taken away from

them as is always done to visitors that no one may have a chance to carry anything away. Even Ruth's little belt-bag that took the place of her pocket-book was taken and checked till their return. Then they passed by way of the great stone bridge across the ancient moat to Byward Tower and on to Wakefield Tower where the crown jewels of England are kept. These jewels were in a glass case protected by iron bars. They shone very brightly but still Raymond was disappointed.

"Is this all?" he asked.

"All? Why Raymond, they are worth three million pounds and that is fifteen million dollars."

"Well, they are not so interesting as I thought they would be. I thought there would be a lot of crowns and jewelry and sparkling gems. These are queer things to be called crown jewels."

Indeed it did seem at first glance as if they were mostly gold salt cellars and scepters and other articles that could hardly be called jewels. One of the most interesting things was the great gold basin or platter used to distribute the queen's alms on Maundy Thursday.

"Just see," said Ruth. "It is as big as our biggest chop-dish and all made of gold."

They saw the model of the Koh-i-noor, the largest diamond in the world, shining as bright as the original. The real Koh-i-noor is too precious to be exhibited. It is kept under guard at Windsor.

"Look at the thick walls!" said Raymond as they passed into the Keep, as the White Tower is called. They were so thick that the way from the first story to the second was by a winding stair in the very wall itself.

"You can tell something of the age in which they

were built by the thickness of these walls," said her father.

"It was under this staircase that the bones of the murdered princes were found," said the guide. Ruth shuddered.

The upper rooms were full of ancient armor. There were suits innumerable and many figures of knights mounted as they rode into battle. Ruth and Raymond wondered that the men and horses too were not crushed by the weight of the massive corselets and leg-cases and helmets and shields of the riders, not to speak of the armor that protected the horses themselves. One suit in particular pleased Raymond. It seemed gigantic, but was said to have been made for Henry VIII when he was eighteen, and to have been far too small for him in later years.

"Poor Henry VIII," sighed Ruth. "I don't wonder that he grew cross and tyrannical if he had to carry that weight very often."

"What would he say if he could see one of our modern soldiers ready to go to battle in a cloth uniform?" said Raymond.

"He would think that soldier not at all equipped for fighting. But it would be different when the soldier raised his gun," said his father. "It was the use of the gun that made the heavy armor of the middle ages worthless for defense."

They went on through the banqueting hall with its great pillars, now used only as a place of exhibition.

"I'd like to have been that little chap," said Raymond as he paused beside the two bronze guns made for the one son of Queen Anne who lived to be eleven years old.

"The kingdom would have been glad if he had been as strong as you," answered his father. They

saw the equestrian statue of Queen Elizabeth, dressed as she was when she went out to give thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. They saw the axe and the block that were used in executions, and the many pieces of arms arranged in patterns on the walls and ceiling. But Ruth's steps were beginning to lag and her mother was quite tired, so they hastened on. They passed by the execution spot where Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn laid their heads on the block, and Ruth wondered how the sun could shine so brightly upon it now.

Then they went into Beauchamp Tower with its stone walls covered with the inscriptions of hapless prisoners. Here Ruth and her mother sat down to rest while Raymond and his father climbed the dark winding stairs to the upper stories. There was enough to see, Ruth thought, down below. There were the queer old windows, mere cross shaped slits in the thick walls, built when glass was a thing unknown and it was desirable to keep out as much wind as possible as well as the arrows of the enemy. Then there were the inscriptions on the wall, a pathetic source of interest. Ruth had just succeeded in deciphering "IANE" (Jane) that Guilford Dudley had carved in longing for the young wife who never came out of the Tower, when Raymond and his father returned.

"Tomorrow we are going to start for Paris," said Raymond. "Are you glad?"

"I have not seen half enough of London," said Ruth. "I love it and I love to go around it. Every one is good to you and you feel so pleasant. I am sure no city can be nicer than London."



The Louvre, Paris

PARIS

"Look, Ray, look! See the queer club that little boy is carrying in both his arms. What a queer shaped club! Oh see! There are some bigger boys with clubs like it under their arms. Do you suppose they are going to play some game?"

"Clubs! Why Ruth! Those are loaves of bread. That is the way the French bake their bread, in sticks about three feet long."

"Children," called their father, "are you ready for our drive?"

Such a drive it was, that first one in Paris, packed full of interest from beginning to end.

"See," said the father as they started out, "this is the Place de la Concorde."

"It must be a lovely place," said Ruth, for she had learned enough French to know that it meant "The Place of Peace."

"It is beautiful and peaceful enough now," said her father. "But it has not always been so. A large part of the time it has been anything else. In this place the guillotine was set up during the French Revolution and enough blood has flowed here to cover the ground all over. But it is beautiful now. Look at the view!"

It was beautiful. At the south of them rolled the sparkling river Seine. At the north they could just catch a glimpse of the historic church of the Madeleine, looking like a Greek temple. On the east was the garden of the Tuileries and the palace of the Louvre, and far to the northwest, the beautiful Triumphal Arch of the Star stood out against the sky.

"There," said the guide as he pointed out a certain spot, "there was where the guillotine stood, and Marie Antoinette was beheaded, and King Louis XVI and almost three thousand of the nobles."

Ray was much interested but Ruth had not yet studied the history of France. "Who was Marie Antoinette?" she asked.

"She was a queen of France," answered her mother.

"A queen? Then why was she beheaded? She must have done something very bad."

"No, she was a very sweet and brave queen who tried hard not to do wrong. But the peasants and the poor people of France had been most cruelly oppressed by the kings and nobles who came before her time. They rose in revolution and killed the queen and king, and every one of noble blood whom they could seize. They called it the 'Reign of Terror' for a madness of bloodshed seemed to seize the people. But after a while they came to a better mind and the men who had brought on this reign of terror were themselves executed on the guillotine. After it was all over, the French made this into a place of memorial, and named it Place de la Concorde."

Ruth looked about with a little shudder and wondered how it would seem to see a guillotine dripping with blood in the place where the obelisk stood. It was an interesting place for everyone. The children's father thought how a whole history of France might be written with the Place de la Concorde as a starting place. Ray looked hard at the Obelisk of Luxor in the center of the place. It was an immense great pillar cut in Egypt from a single stone thousands of years ago, and presented to King Louis Philippe by the viceroy. Their mother cared more for the eight great stone statues representing the eight

chief cities of France. There was Lille and Strasburg, Bordeaux and Nantes, Rouen and Brest, and Marseilles and Lyons. The statue of Strasburg was hung with crepe and mourning garlands to show that it does not belong to France any more. It was given to Germany with Alsace and Lorraine as the price of peace after the Franco-Prussian War.

They drove from the Place de la Concorde down the Rue Rivoli.

“Why, there is another statue draped,” cried Ruth. “No they have just laid wreaths of flowers around it. Who is it, mamma?”

It was a gallant young figure on a prancing horse. One arm was raised high holding up the standard of France.

“It must be one of the boy kings,” said Mrs. Lee. But as they drew nearer, they saw that the figure in armor was not a young man but a girl. It was the maiden Joan of Arc, whose courage had saved France when all seemed lost.

“I am glad they care for her so much,” said Ruth’s mother softly as she looked at the wreaths, some fresh and some fading.

They passed by the garden of the Tuilleries. Ruth delighted in the little French babies with their pink or blue ribbons, taking the air there with their nurses. Ray was most interested in the two rows of old orange trees in tubs, forty-one of which are four hundred years old. He liked the fountain at the western end too with its great eight-sided basin, and almost wished that he were young enough to sail boats there with the little black-aproned French boys.

Then they came to the Louvre, which used to be a royal palace and is now a gallery of paintings and sculptures.

"We will go there tomorrow and see the Venus of Milo," said their father.

They drove on across a bridge to a little island on the Seine where stood a cathedral which the children had seen many times in pictures. It was the famous Notre Dame.



Seine, with Notre Dame

"This is probably the oldest church in Paris," said their father. "This little island is the first place that was inhabited. The Gallic tribe who lived here were called Parisii by the Romans and that was why the city was named Paris. Can you say the first lines of Caesar, Ray?"

"All Gaul is divided into three parts," recited Ray glibly in Latin. He had just begun Caesar and been

required, as almost every beginner is, to learn the first paragraph.

"Well, we are in Gaul now," said his father, "and right here one of the tribes Caesar wrote about fought against him. They were brave warriors. They fought till the last man fell. Then the Romans settled down here and the modern city began."

"Whew," said Ray. "I never thought of those old Latin fellows with the queer names as being real people. Why they must have seen the very things I am seeing now."

He looked at the banks of the Seine with new interest.

"Not exactly what you are seeing now," said his father with a smile. "All the houses were little huts on this island. There were only woods on each bank. For a long time Paris was in the backwoods. It was so wild that we read of a great wolf that terrorized the city for years. It seems quite impossible now."

They looked at the outside of the cathedral, the carvings on the facade, the two towers, and the spire and the beautiful rose window, but they did not go in that day. Instead they turned to the eastward and came to a wide space with a great column in the center of it. At the top of the column, poised against the blue sky was an airy winged figure with one foot lightly resting on a globe and arms extended holding a torch and a broken chain.

"We are coming to the place where stood a great prison whose key you have seen in America," said Mr. Lee.

"The Bastile," cried Ray. "Yes, I saw the key at Mt. Vernon. La Fayette sent it to Washington and they keep it among the reliques. I believe it is the big-

gest key I ever saw. There is a model of the Bastile too, in the Banquet Room there. It had eight towers. Was it here where it stood?"

"Yes. See, here in the paving is enameled the outline of it."

"What was the Bastile?" asked Ruth. "And if it stood here why isn't it here now? And why did they set up this column?"

"It was the state prison, something like the Tower of London," answered her father. "But many more cruel and wicked things were done to the prisoners here than in London Tower. It was the custom of the kings to sell or give to the nobles they favored lettres de cachet, that is, warrants signed with the king's name, consigning the person upon whom they were served to prison, but the names were left blank. If a man had an enemy, all he had to do to get rid of him was to obtain a lettre de cachet and put in the blank space the unfortunate man's name. The next day that man disappeared. No one ever heard from him again. No friendly ear could hear his cry in the gloomy cells of the Bastile. He might be released after many years; he might be kept there for life. He might simply be forgotten and so left there till he died.

"At last the common people who had been so cruelly oppressed rose up against their masters. It was a fearful bloody revolution for they had been treated like wild beasts until they grew beastlike. They had been like patient beasts of burden. Now they became like raging beasts of prey.

"They rushed upon the Bastile with axes and pikes and knives and every weapon they could snatch. They swarmed over the great moats and drawbridges like bees pouring out of a hive. They fought for

hours, men and women wielding their rusty weapons, until finally the governor of the prison surrendered. Then they rushed into the prison and explored every nook and cell. They found many pitiful mementoes of prisoners who had died there without their friends knowing where they had disappeared. The massive stone walls were covered with names of prisoners and prayers for help, scratched upon them. But they found only seven prisoners. Louis the Sixteenth was not a cruel oppressive king like the two who came before him. I do not suppose he ever issued a single *lettre de cachet*. The mob cut off the heads of the officers of the prison and carried them through the streets on their pikes. Then they began to tear down the Bastile, one stone after another. For a year men and women and even children worked at it, not because they were paid or directed to do it but in a sort of fury of revenge. Part of the stones were put in a bridge across the Seine that the people of Paris might tread them under foot every day.

“They put up this column as a memorial. Napoleon began it and ordered the pedestal set up. He meant to have a huge bronze elephant seventy-eight feet high put upon it. A later government decided upon this column. It is called the July Column because the Bastile was taken by the people on the 14th of July and also as a memorial to the patriots who fell in the July Revolution of 1830.”

“What was that, father? Were there two French Revolutions?” said Ray.

“No, not so-called, though of course this was a French revolution. This was a much more peaceful one. The Bourbon line of kings in France had been restored after Napoleon, who put down the French Revolution and became the Emperor of France, was

conquered by the allies. But the Bourbon king began to oppress the people again after the old fashion. Then the people said indignantly, 'A Bourbon learns nothing and forgets nothing.' They revolted and deposed the Bourbon King and elected a king of their own choice who was called Louis Philippe, the Citizen King. The most important thing about this movement was its influence on the rest of the world. Uprisings against tyrants took place everywhere. It is said that the Revolution of 1830 lighted the signal fires of liberty throughout Europe."

"Does France have a king now, papa?" asked Ruth.

"No, France is a republic like the United States, with a president. It has had many kinds of governments in the past one hundred and twenty years. First the Bourbon kings as we said, then the empire under Napoleon; then Napoleon was conquered and exiled to St. Helena and the kings put back. Another revolution changed France into a republic with Napoleon's nephew as president; but he soon managed to have himself elected emperor instead. But after he went to war with Prussia and was defeated France became a republic again. You can tell which period a thing belongs to by the emblems on it. The fleur-de-lis, the lily of France, as it is called, is the Bourbon emblem. The emblem of the Napoleons was a great N with a crown above it. The emblem of the France of today is the Gallic cock and the tri-colored flag of red, white and blue. The flag of the Bourbons was white. See, this column belongs to the period of the republic! Do you see the bronze cocks holding garlands at the corners?"

"There are people up there on the platform below the statue," cried Ray.

"Yes, there are stairs inside the column that lead to the top. Would you like to go up it?"

"Oh yes," said Ray. "What a fine view of Paris we would get from it!"

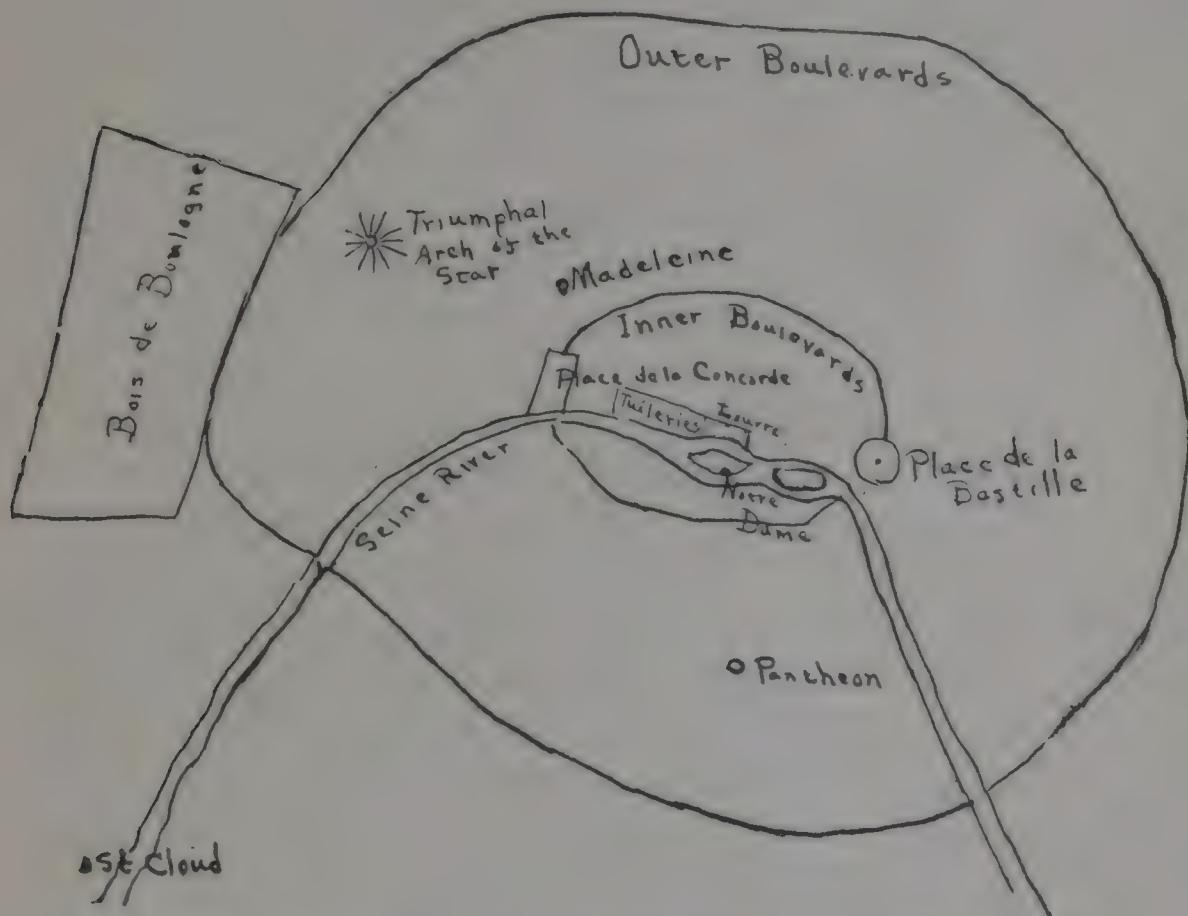
"Well, some other day we will. Now we must drive on."

They drove back along the boulevards and thought a prettier sight could not be seen anywhere. The boulevards are very wide streets planted with trees. In the center there is a great driveway. On each side there are footways thirty feet wide. They are the fashionable drives in Paris, and are crowded with carriages and people on foot. Sitting at little tables on the sidewalks, the Parisians eat their suppers or drink their wine and watch the never-ending procession going past. It is better than looking at a fashion magazine, for the women who take their drives there wear the most beautiful costumes in the world.

When they reached their hotel the children's father got the map of Paris and showed them where they had been. Then he drew a little map for them which was much easier understood than the crowded printed one.

"The city of Paris is shaped like an egg," he said. "The small end is toward the beautiful great wooded park on the west that is called the Bois de Boulogne. The shell of the egg is the line of outer boulevards around it. The egg has a yolk too, and this yolk is held in by the circle of inner boulevards. These boulevards used to be fortifications, walls and mounds so strong that the bows and arrows and rude rams of their early enemies could not batter them down. But Paris outgrew her fortifications and they leveled them and made them into these broad handsome

streets which are called the boulevards. The nucleus of the yolk of this egg, though it is not in the exact center, is the island in the Seine on which Notre Dame stands. The old fortifications extended from Place de la Concorde on the west side to the Bastile on the east. See, this is how it looks and this is where we have been driving today."



The Map of Paris That Ruth's Father Made

Ruth and Ray studied their home-made map and thought it much better than the one in the guide-book. After this when they went to places they put them down on their egg-shaped map. One of the loveliest of their trips was to Versailles ten miles to the southwest. This was where Louis XIV built his

magnificent palace aiming to make it the most splendid and expensive palace in the world.

They started in the early morning in a lumbering old coach so heavy that Ruth pitied the great horses that drew it over the cobble-stones of the streets. They passed through the Bois de Boulogne and along the Seine to St. Cloud. Here Ray and Ruth got down from the coach and ran about the beautiful grounds and saw the site of the palace which was entirely destroyed by the shells of the Prussian army in the Franco-Prussian War. The sun was very hot before they reached Versailles, and they took dinner in a queer old hotel of the town before they drove on to the palace. It was an immense great building a quarter of a mile in length, set in a roughly-paved court.

"Look at the cobble-stones," said Ray. "If I were a horse I should not like to be driven here."

"It is not all stones," said the father. "At the back of the palace there are the most beautiful gardens with fountains and grottoes and everything the hand of the old landscape gardener could invent."

The Palace of Versailles was built by Louis XIV who also laid out the garden and grounds. It may be said with truth that this palace was the chief cause of the French Revolution, for the cost of it was enormous, and the peasants were taxed to pay for it until there was nothing left for them to eat.

"Let them eat grass like the other beasts," said the courtiers of Louis, who saw very little difference between the common people and the other royal beasts of burden. Indeed all the advantages were on the side of the cattle and horses, for they were better housed and better fed than the peasants. Louis XV who lived in it next, was as oppressive as Louis XIV

and worse in his character. He brought all sorts of wickedness into the beautiful rooms. He knew that there must some day be an outbreak among the starving people but he did not care so long as it did not touch him. "After me the deluge," he said with a careless shrug of his shoulders. The deluge came and it overwhelmed a king and queen who were very different in character.

Louis XVI was a good man and he meant to be a good king; but he was slow and he did not understand his people. His queen, Marie Antoinette, was beautiful and sweet and good, but she was a gay and thoughtless young girl who hated the gloomy etiquette of the court, and she gave great offense without meaning to. She was always gentle and kind to those about her, but she understood the conditions of the country so little that when they told her that the peasants were starving because they had no bread to eat she said, "Then why don't they eat cake?"

One night while Louis and Marie Antoinette were sleeping in the Palace of Versailles, there burst in the most dreadful mob of fierce hungry Parisians, beggars, fishwomen, and all the lowest rabble armed with clubs and pikes and pitchforks and old guns. They killed the guards who tried to defend the entrance to the queen's chamber and tried to kill the queen. They thrust her bed through a dozen times with their pikes, but she was not there. She had escaped to the king's room. Next day the mob compelled the king and queen and the little prince and princess to go with them to Paris. They surged around their carriage with howlings and blasphemyings and hootings and the singing of dreadful songs about the queen. She never saw Versailles again. Four years later she was brought to the guillotine in

a rude jolting farm cart, and beheaded in the place where Ruth and Ray had stood and enjoyed the peaceful scene.

No French king ever lived in Versailles Palace again. Now it is made into a great picture gallery and thrown open to the public.

Ruth and Ray went through room after room filled with pictures. They went through the Gallery of Mirrors and the chamber of Louis XIV with its cheerless magnificence of furniture, and the Queen's Stairway down which Marie Antoinette used to pass. But the palace was rather a confused recollection to them for they saw so much there. They remembered better the Little Trianon in the garden where Marie Antoinette had her dairy and spent the happiest hours of her life making butter like a farmer's wife.

The children saw a great deal more that was of interest in Paris. They visited the picture gallery of the Louvre, and saw miles of pictures. They went through the Pantheon which says over its door "The grateful country to her great men" and holds the tombs of Victor Hugo, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Carnot and the statues of other of France's great men.

They visited the home for invalid soldiers and the wonderful dome where lies the body of Napoleon Bonaparte. That was a visit that Ruth and Ray never forgot.

The day was soft and warm but cloudy and they missed the brightness of the sunshine. Ruth noticed this as they went up the flight of steps that led to the entrance. At the door she caught her breath in surprise.

"Why, how can the sun be shining inside when it is not shining outside?" she said. Then in a minute she understood. It was not sunshine that

filled the building with warm yellow light, but the rays from the orange-colored windows above the altar. A few steps farther and the light suddenly changed. A blue haze seemed to come over everything. The very air was blue and dim and solemn.

"Look below you, Ruth," said her father. "There is the tomb."

Just beneath the dome, from which the light streamed softly through pale blue glass, was a circular crypt surrounded by a balustrade of white marble. In the center of the crypt was the massive stone sarcophagus, made from a single block of red Finland granite, in which the dead emperor lay. The whole place was hushed and still. The most careless tourist hardly dared to speak aloud. In perpetual guard of the tomb stands an old soldier from the Hotel des Invalides, or home for disabled soldiers, of which this is a part. When one is relieved another takes his place. No one but heroes who have served their country long are allowed to guard the remains of Napoleon.

"Take off your hat," said the guard to every man and boy who entered. Not a man was allowed to stand covered in the presence of the dead emperor. The love of the French people would not allow it.

In the pavement surrounding the sarcophagus is a laurel wreath in mosaic tied with purple ribbons. Inscribed within the wreath are the names of the battles in which Napoleon conquered.

"Marengo, Austerlitz, Friedland, Wagram," read a young man standing beside Ray.—"They don't put in Waterloo."

But the crippled old guard looked so angry that the young man stopped very suddenly. The French love

their emperor who has been dead eighty-five years as if he had died only yesterday.

“Papa, tell me about Napoleon,” said Ruth.

“Not here, dear. I will tell you at some other place,” said her father with a look at the guard.

So when they stood alone in the Church of the Invalides her father told her the story. He told it softly for, though he could not think himself that Napoleon was altogether a hero, he could not help feeling how all the people of France idolized him.

He told how the “Little Corporal,” as he was called, had put an end to the French Revolution by his “whiff of grape-shot;” how he had become first consul, and then emperor, and conquered the united nations of Europe in the great battles that were inscribed around his tomb; how he had made the first road across the Alps, and welded the scattered laws into the Code Napoleon which is today the framework of law in France, Holland, Belgium, Western Germany and Italy. He told how he had finally been exiled and come back “with the violets;” and been conquered again at Waterloo and died a prisoner on the desolate island of St. Helena. No, Ruth will never forget that visit to Napoleon’s tomb. They went to the big stores, the Louvre and the Bon Marche, and through many famous churches, Notre Dame, the Madeleine, St. Denis and others.

“I am sorry to leave Paris,” said Ray as they were packing up to go. “It has been like one big history lesson, but I have liked it immensely.”

“Yes,” sighed Ruth, “and Paris is the most beautiful city in the world. Our old geography told us so and I am sure it is true.”

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